The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1918.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK

We read that Congress has voted 18 billions and is going to float another Liberty Loan; that the Shipping Board has 400 ships under construction; that Sir Somebody in the British Parliament announced that 116 ships were under repair in Great Britain and 16 were launched in February; that Senator Somebody Else said the Browning machine gun was being made in "satisfactory quantities"; that the Germans sank 16 ships in such and such a week; that Austria is starving; that Austria is not starving.

We read all this—and more—and then we either jump at a conclusion or we sigh and say, "What the deuce is doing anyhow?"

The human mind has its limitations. Individually some minds have a greater capacity than others, but the limit is, comparatively speaking, low. There is no one human brain which could digest all the factors and phases of this war if the facts were laid before him, let alone sift and digest the core of fact from the reports, rumors, and censored—and in the case of the enemy, doctored—news.

So lay aside detail for the moment. Get away off and take a look.

Here is the world. Over on the left here is the United States and there in the center is England, France, Italy, Germany, Austria and a lot of other smaller countries we can't quite make out. Here is the battle line. It seems to be going along pretty evenly. If we look real close we can make out men in grey on one side and men in half a dozen colors on the other. And look! Why, here are men in khaki under American flags!

Let's look back at the United States. We could come pretty near losing all those European countries in this little stretch left of the Rocky Mountains here. The people seem to be hustling a lot. Look at all those new buildings everywhere with those groups in khaki hustling along. By jinks, there are a lot of men around these!

Let's look at 'em real close. Why, there's Jim Jones, who used to drive a delivery wagon in Marysville, Cal., up here at Tacoma drilling. And there's Bill Brown and John Robinson. Why, they're all there. And look—there's Hamilton Smith, the railroad president, poring over blue prints and schedules. And just look at the ship building down the Pacific Coast and over here on the Atlantic. And those gun makers, and those automobile factories. Why, the whole country is going to war! What is going to happen to those fellows in grey over there in Europe when all these fellows in khaki get across the Atlantic ocean? Where do they figure to come in, anyhow?

Just take a good look at the situation as a whole and then don't worry about detail. The United States is the biggest, the richest, the most powerful, the most resourceful country in the world—and she has never started anything that she didn't finish. Jim Jones the delivery wagon driver, is at work and Hamilton Smith, the railroad president, is at work. The United States is in this war with all her men, her brains, her money, her material. There can be only one result.

Where does the Kaiser figure to come in, anyhow?

IS THE PIPE PASSE?

Is the pipe going out of fashion in this man's army? Is the rich old stinking, gooey smoke-solace of our fathers to be relegated to the military museum along with the flintlock musket and the cider-barrel cannon? Is it fensible for use, in this man's war, by any but those few fortunate officers who have the time to care for it as it should be cared for?

We hope not; but from various portions of the front we hear dire tales which seem to foreshadow the pipe's passing popularity. It won't stay lit. It wastes more matches (or more *briquet* juice) than it's worth—a heinous offense in this country! It takes too long to fill it. It burns out too speedily in the open air. It scents up a dugout altogether too strenuously. And at the front there are no persons from whom one may borrow after much persuasion, the necessary hairpin or hatpin to do with which to clean it. Barbed wire is far from [illegible] stout for the delicate operation, too much needed for other useful purposes.

Shades of dear, good, well-meaning Dr. Pease! If all of the foregoing is true, there is nothing left for us but to resort to the grand old pipe's humbler sister, the seductive cigarette; for cigars, except for the vulgarity affluent, are out of the question. But, as we sit here by the Q.M. stove, surrounded by an aromatic haze of fragrant Carolinian, Virginian, and Heavenknowswhatian extraction, with the old draft working well for the first time in four months, we are quite willing to forego the proffered butt—yea, even the Statessent stogie. With all its faults, we'll do our durndest to keep the old pipe a-going as long as the old flag keeps a-flying.

Coises! Anybody got a match?

ELSIE

It is really a pity that, because of laws and general orders and other masculine inventions, the Government of the United States cannot commission Miss Elsie Janis and attach her to the A.E.F. for the duration of the war, with the title of Chief of the Pep Division. By injecting her peppful and pulchritudinous personality into the Army camps she is visiting, she inspires every man who sees her perform—and who's going to miss seeing her?—with an overwhelming desire to turn cartwheels over and over all the way along the rocky road to Berlin. In short, she's There!

To an Army which has these many months listened perforce to lectures on "Why We Are at War," "The Mining of Carroway Seeds in Argentina," "The Fiscal System Under the Emperor Justinian," "Why We Are at War," "Fascinating Facts About the Income Tax" and "Why We Are at War"; to an Army that has been persistently told that it can't be happy and be good at the same time; to an Army that has been overwhelmingly "informed" and otherwise edified, Elsie Janis comes as a distinct relief. She is an oasis of color and vivacity in the midst of a dreary desert of frock-coated and white-tied legislators and lecturers who have been visited upon us for our sins and the sins of our fathers. Therefore, we are for her.

Elsie Janis is as essential to the success of this Army as a charge of powder is essential to the success of a shell. More entertainment by her and "the likes of her" and less instruction by people who take themselves seriously—that's one formula for winning the war!

HEROES IN WARTIME

As a matter of news, we printed in full the account of the Moran-Fulton boxing bout and gave it all the prominence as a sporting event that it deserved. But let no one suppose that we have the slightest disposition to make heroes of this pair. To our notion the proper belt for a fighting man to wear in war time is of regulation canvas web or fair leather—not of green silk. We may be doing somebody an injustice (and if we are we will make due apologies for it), but to the best of our knowledge neither Fred Fulton nor Frank Moran has yet seen fit to hold up his right hand and swear to defend the United States against its enemies.

An athlete with the extraordinary reach of a Fulton should be a mighty handy man with a bayonet.

A husky fellow with four years' service in the United States Marine Corps to fit him for immediate usefulness in the field or aboard ship—and we can recall one named Frank Moran—should win more enthusiastic plaudits from the A.E.F. if we could behold him in his old "sea-goin' blues" or a suit of forest green.

It is no excuse for a fighting man to plead that service in the A.E.F. would separate him from his family and a fat income. Thousands of other Americans in France and in the training camps back home are making such sacrifices and making them cheerfully. A trained athlete, particularly one who has had the opportunity to lay away a tidy fortune at fighting, owes it to his country to do something in return. As we see it, Messieurs Fulton and Moran are anything but heroes.

WE SHOULD WORRY

What will we do when we get back? Will the old job be open, or will some nice old gentleman or nicer young lady be holding it down, to the great satisfaction of our former employers? What will be our chances when the war's over—two, three, four, five, ten, twenty years from now, to be cheerful about it—of connecting with regular and fairly profitable employment?

These and similar questions bob up every once in a while, and there is no reason at all why they shouldn't. We all want to know the answer to the "After the War—What?" which the platform lecturer and the magazine writer are always dinning into our ears and eyes. We'll have to answer it ourselves some one of these fine days, and we might as well give it some thought.

At a pinch, we can all dig trenches. That will come in mighty handy in a town like New York which is being torn up all the time. We can all wash our own clothes. We can all clean streets, put up shelves in billets, and roll blankets. And, of course, we can all peel potatoes and lug water. If the cook trusts us, we can learn even more things. In short, there is hardly a thing in the street-cleaning, trench-cleaning, house-cleaning, town-cleaning or culinary line that we haven't learned to do. Some of the favored few have become adepts at the gentle art of wood-chopping, and in a little while some others will have a chance to learn ground and lofty gardening.

We should worry about jobs when we get back. We'll be able to do anything they want done back in the States, and then some. Why, some of us can even sew on our buttons! Think of that blissful future—leaving the politics to the women while we take care of the housework!

NEWSPAPERS IN GERMANY

If you really want to know what is going on in Germany, the place to look for news is not in the German newspapers but in copies of the secret orders issued by the Imperial Hun Government to the Press. For example, here is a little hint about the food shortage in a mandate of June 11, 1917:

"Advertisements in which dog flesh is offered for sale are not allowed. Their acceptance is forbidden."

A whole sheaf of these secret orders is in the hands of Uncle Sam. To anyone who may have wondered why the German people are still groping in the dark for facts about the war, these papers furnish the explanation. The German newspapers haven't the slightest chance either to print facts or to reflect the sentiments of their readers. The Imperial Hun dictates not only what cannot be said, but also what must be said and the precise tone of it.

For example, the press in commenting on strikes must carefully avoid irritating its readers by any comments of "immoderate sharpness."

The same subtlety of compulsory deception is applied to news about America's war preparations. To make disparagement seem more convincing, the German press is commanded not to speak of the preparations as a bluff; they "must be taken seriously, without on that account being made a source of worry."

Another important instruction is the nicely adjusted tone required in the press when Germans get a set-back: "It is desired that it should be clearly and distinctly put in the foreground that the enemy offensive has utterly failed on all fronts, that the Entente has no alternative but to attempt a new offensive, as the enemy statesmen are still against peace. . . . In referring to the Skager Rak battle it is of utmost importance to use the greatest energy in freeing neutrals from the pretended English supremacy of the sea."

So the Germans go on eating dog meat (unadvertised), reading not-too-caustic comment on labor unrest and waiting for the German triumphs on the high seas and on all the European battle fronts to force the Entente statesmen to plead with Wilhelm for peace.

DIGNITY AND RESULTS

To our attention in the past week have come two cases of officers who didn't "pass the buck." When a bulletin from General Headquarters arrived in their offices asking for immediate attention to the matter of getting subscriptions in their outfits to THE STARS AND STRIPES, they shouldered the responsibility themselves and went out after results. One is a captain in the Signal Corps. In his detachment he not only wrote up a list of subscribers almost as long as the pay roll, but also made arrangements for a courier service to distribute the papers as soon as they arrived. In a regiment of U.S. Marines a lieutenant colonel did not find it beneath his dignity to tour half a dozen billet towns to see personally that all arrangements for subscriptions and deliveries were made in business-like fashion. These officers didn't have to do what they did. They might have passed the buck. They weren't of the buck-passing variety.

"VERBOTEN"

There's an order out which prohibits holding any conversation or communication with prisoners of war. Its language is unmistakable, its purpose obvious. Therefore, the only thing to do is to obey it.

This warning seems necessary because in a recent issue of a Paris paper it was reported that a certain private in an engineering outfit had written home to his brother, telling him that he had met here in France several Austrian prisoners of war whom he had known in Tacoma, Wash. He was reported as writing that he had "quite a chat with them," and that "they asked for news of scores of people they knew in Tacoma."

While that may have been very nice for the Austrians, and all that, and of a great deal of interest to the folks back in Tacoma, the fact still remains that it was contrary to known and published orders. Those orders were issued for the protection of the A.E.F., for the protection of the people of France, for the security of the prisoners—for any number of good and sufficient reasons. Anyone with half a mind can easily see what the consequences of unlimited conversation with prisoners might be.

Leave the talking to war prisoners to the men intrusted with that work; that's their business, and a mighty useful one. Any further conversation with captives musses up the game and may bring serious results. Remember that a German or an Austrian doesn't cease to be a German or an Austrian the minute he hollers "Kamerad!" So save up your knowledge of the languages of Austria and Germany until such time as you can use it effectively up front.

AS WE SEE OURSELVES

An American scientist discovered, now many years ago, that out of the melting pot that is the United States there is developing a peculiarly American cranium—i. e., the bone under our hair. And if there really is a peculiarly American cranium, just as there are crania peculiarly Latin, Slavic or Mongolian, then there must be a peculiarly American face. Simply, we all ought to look somewhat—not too much, but somewhat—alike.

Do we? (Voice from the rear: "I hope not.") Not strictly, of course, but isn't there something about us besides our speech and our uniforms that distinguishes us from the conglomeration of nationalities now fighting in and for France? All those other nationalities recognized it before we did, certainly, but aren't we now coming to appreciate the fact ourselves?

"Several times," writes a private at G.H.Q., "men have come up to me and asked, 'Did you ever live in Kansas City—Butte—Milwaukee—Little Rock—St. Paul?'—wherever they happen to think they have seen me, and they all look disappointed when I tell them I've never been west of Cleveland. Do I really look so much like somebody (or everybody) else? I guess not, because several other fellows tell me they've had the same thing happen to them."

Just how our heads, and therefore faces, differ from those set on the necks of our brother races we must leave for craniologists to explain. Meanwhile, our nearest approach to a groping realization that we do all dimly resemble each other finds expression in this vain search for our "Haven't-I-seen-you-before?" mates. It is our unconscious admission of the existence of the most familiar thing—and hence the thing hardest to comprehend—in our whole experience: the great American face.

HER TWO ENEMIES —By Charles Dana Gibson

Reproduced by Courtesy of "Life."

OUR PALS, THE WAR-WAIFS OF FRANCE

When our color-guards filed down the transport's gangplank and planted the regimental standards on French soil, the only natives on the dock to welcome us were three small boys. They took up advanced posts half way between the colors and the colonel and budged not from there until an interpreter came to the rescue with the magic word *allez!* Retreating to an observation post on top of a hill of sugar sacks, they consumed a light *déjeuner* of apples and watched the brief ceremony of uncasing the colors.

We found out a little while later that they were waifs who had spent the night in a camion. They were our first friends in France, and typical of many others we met afterward. Two wore cut-down uniforms of horizon blue, the third a black frock down to his knees. All told the same story, that their fathers had been killed in the war and had left them homeless. Before we marched away to camp we gave them each a pocketful of American coppers.

Of course, they hunted us up again after we got settled. With a small boy's sure instinct for finding the nearest kitchen, they made their way, dodging sentinels, straight to the cook shacks, and began to use ingratiating manners on the cooks. Small boys were strictly *défendu* in the cantonment, but it is notorious that our cooks were among the first to pick up handy phrases of French; and everybody knows, furthermore, that the first of our linguists to learn handy phrases picked them up from small boys. Ergo, what you please.

The number of our waif acquaintances rapidly increased and speedily grew bolder. One rainy night a pair of urchins knocked at the door of the Adrian barracks where the regimental commander and his staff were quartered. The smaller of the pair acted as spokesman. The weather was so bad, he explained, that he and his pal had decided to throw themselves upon the hospitality of officers for the night. The cook had given them a splendid dinner, for which they were everlastingly obliged—he said this coyly, to throw us off our guard. Now, would it be too much to ask that instead of spending the night with the enlisted men, as they had done the night before, they be allowed to vary the program by honoring the colonel with a visit?

"The lights are so much brighter in this house," he concluded—his clinching argument.

He almost bowled us off our feet. Some one produced a box of chocolates, and munching with satisfaction we sat down around the quartermaster's stove in the light of a carbide lamp, to debate the question.

The dentist raised the point that the camp harbored a large and most ferocious dog which made a specialty of devouring small boys. This seemed to make the situation more serious, but the pair were undaunted, even when the dentist declared the dog was almost as large as a horse. No! They were determined to stay. The weather was impossible.

Some small regard to camp regulations has to be observed around headquarters, so we finally arbitrated the matter by proposing a joy ride to town in a Red Cross ambulance. The driver related afterward that his passengers asked to be put off at a bridge, and that to the best of his knowledge their quarters in town were under one of the causeway's stone arches.

When the regiment settled down to the irksome task of working on docks and railways we met other youngtsers of the same ingratiating ways. They had a code for dealing with the Americans. In exchange for handy phrases of French, for running errands and for furnishing entertainment in the way of songs and wrestling matches, they received a quota of copper clackers. They were respectful always, and apparently had few bad habits outside of a great precociousness in the matter of cigarette smoking.

A few of the more appealing types attached themselves to us as mascots. The engineers adopted an urchin who pretended to be a Belgian refugee. He was outfitted in O.D. with a sombrero two sizes too large and a bright new engineer's hat cord on it. He pretended to be an interpreter, and was more or less successful, though his vocabulary was limited to half a dozen words.

His system was this: Some six-foot engineer going downtown on liberty would make gestures to indicate need of a hair-cut. The mascot would then reply with a babble of French topped off with a snappy salute, real American style, and lead the six-footer to the nearest barber shop. While the big fellow was in the chair, the mascot would stand beside the door and wait until some French youngster passed. Of course, the native would see him and pause to gaze in envy. Then the mascot would whip out a cap pistol and the spectator, not knowing what might happen to him at the hands of the young brigand under the huge sombrero, would flee for his life.

The little girls of France were usually too shy to get well acquainted. The boys were our pals, and understood us.

If ever a fund is raised among A.E.F. soldiers to see that no harm comes to our proteges after the war, we will subscribe to it with as much zest as we would to a Liberty Loan. We have met hundreds of these orphaned waifs in base ports, along the lines of communication, in the cities, and even close to the trenches. It "gets to us" to find them sleeping out in railway yards, under bridges and in alleys. Some are impostors, of course, for all tell the same story of homelessness and fathers killed in the war, but enough of them have convinced us of their stories to make us regard them, on the whole, as genuine war victims. They were our first friends, and they may count upon us to stick to them to the last.

C. P. C.

"GAS—ALERT!"

The Americans in France are to have a new French comic opera named after them. We congratulate them on their escape. It might have been a French cigar.

* * *

"Cork Steamer Sunk."—Headline. We thought that was the only kind that did.

* * *

New York, March.—The Archbishop of York arrived today at an Atlantic port.—"Daily Mail."

Well, that kind of censorship fools somebody.

* * *

China mobilizing to meet the Russian menace? *Ah, oui:* the pigtail versus the knout!

* * *

A Chilian sailing ship has just taken 50 Germans off a desert island. Wow! How it must have broken up that happy and peaceful little family!

* * *

In face of what the Germans, with whom they are "at peace," are now doing to them, the Russians might well recite to their invaders:

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love.
But why did you kick me downstairs?"

* * *

Tobacco cards are already in operation in some parts of France, with the provision that none are to be issued to boys under 16. Let's see: do they have corn-silk in this country?

* * *

Miss Anne Martin, of Nevada, where the women have the vote and everything, is going to run for senator, to succeed the late Senator Newlands. If she wins out it will be just like some mean paragrapher in the States to say that she is not the first woman to be elected to the upper house, just as some mean paragrapher once referred to Miss Rankin as "the only young woman in Congress."

* * *

This column has got to give up something for Lent (Voice: "Who said Lent in the Army?"); and it might just as well be puns on the word "tank." They're too easy, anyway.

* * *

The negro back in the States who was discharged because his feet were too big was playing in hard luck; what if the same physical disability rule applied to heads?

* * *

This year is going to be Children's Year in the United States; and the question naturally arises as to when Germany is going to have a Children's anything.

* * *

"Trouble Is Spreading in Ireland."—Headline. Well, what does trouble usually do in Ireland?

* * *

"Mr. Mason Carns will sing and render several stirring war poems of his own composition."—"The Herald."

Composition seems to be a lost art, as it were.

* * *

"Paris Actress Is Arrested as Spy."—Headline.

Playing the role of the villain?

* * *

Mr. W. C. Langlotz, mayor, and ten citizens of Fayetteville, near Houston, Texas, pleaded not guilty before a United States Commissioner to charges of espionage. . . . Their arrest followed the display of the German flag over the entry of the Germania club in Fayetteville. Mayor Langlotz said the flag had been displayed by mistake.—"Daily Mail."

What we, over here, would like to know is: How did the club happen to have on hand a German flag that it could display by mistake? Why not burn it?

CURBING DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

By Section 4, Article IV., Constitution of the United States, and Section 5297, Revised Statutes, the President is authorized, upon application therefor by proper State authorities, to employ such of the land and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for the suppression of domestic violence. This power and responsibilty the President cannot delegate to a commanding officer.

NEW PASTER FOR CARS

To eliminate confusion and provide a uniform method for marking cars, to be followed by all branches of the Army service making shipments of materials and supplies, a paster to be placed on cars has been prepared, to show the following information necessary for their proper movement:—(a) Car initial and number. (b) Point of shipment. (c) Date of shipment. (d) Contents. (e) Consignee. (f) Destination. (g) Name and rank of person responsible for placing paster on car.

A supply of these pasters will be furnished to all branches of the Army service, after which further supply should be obtained by request on the car record office. All other forms of pasters went out of usage on February 7. The persons placing new pasters on cars will see that all old pasters or conflicting marks are removed or obliterated. When cars are unloaded at destination the person in charge of the unloading will see that all pasters and markings are removed or obliterated as soon as the car is unloaded.

DISCHARGE OF DRAFTED ALIEN

Citizens of a foreign country subject to draft may not be released therefrom to permit them to enlist in the army of their own country.

DIVISIONAL JURISDICTION

Under paragraph 191, A.E., as amended by General Orders, No. 96, W.D., July 20, 1917, division commanders have full control in all that pertains to administration, instruction, training, and discipline, and have jurisdiction over the personnel of camp quartermasters, as well as other members of the military present in their camps and performing various duties connected with the camps.

TRANSPORTATION RECORDS

A "car record office," under the transportation department, has been established for the purpose of keeping record of the movement of cars loaded with materials and supplies for the American Army; also to trace such cars when they do not reach their destination within a proper period after shipment, and to take action as may be necessary to have cars forwarded to destination, increasing the efficiency of available car supply, and to co-operate with the Line of Communication regarding the question of transportation.

Railroad transportation officers have been placed at various points in France, charged with the duty of making immediate reports to the car record office of all cars arriving at or departing from their stations, received by, or shipped by, any branch of the army service.

COMPANY FUNDS INVESTMENTS

Surplus company funds may be properly invested in Liberty bonds.